

WOMAN KILLS TIGER.

Slays the Biggest Cat Ever Shot in Indian Jungle.

William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A slender young American woman has the recent distinction of shooting the largest tiger ever killed in India, and is entitled to the bounty offered by the British government. The heroine of this exploit is Mrs. Donnett, wife of an English army officer on service in India, daughter of John E. Whitehouse, of Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

and related to the Whitehouse family of Chicago. Mrs. Donnoct has been spending December and January with her husband and a party of friends hunting big game in the Chanda jungle of northern India, in the company of a British sportsman. The party serves, abounding in all kinds of savagely beasts and other big game. She has killed four panthers, four bears, eight deer, two boars and several other wild beasts, while the rest of the party killed nine other tigers and a corresponding number of less dangerous animals. She has also shot a tiger which measured ten feet eight inches in length and is the largest ever killed in India. Her husband has shot a tiger which measured ten feet six inches. In a letter dated January 12 last this extraordinary young woman described her adventures and sensations in a simple but graphic manner.

"I am the proud slayer of the largest tiger ever shot in India," she exclaims with enthusiasm. "I shot a tiger which measured ten feet eight inches long, a perfect coat, and teeth two inches long. I shot it in the Chanda jungle camp, and I did it all myself, and it was such a difficult shot! But I must settle down and tell you all about it. I am so proud of my achievement that I cannot bow down and kiss the hem of my dress for I am the first lady who has ever shot a tiger in India. I am a girl, a poor little beggar. So, just listen while I tell you a few words about it.

deer, a piece of bamboo jungle about 200 miles off, so Timmins (her husband) and I got about forty beaters together and started out at dawn. The beaters were all from the beaters went into the jungle with drums and horns, driving six buffalo in front of them. After about an hour, the beaters were about half an hour, when the beat was nearly over to me. I saw what I first took for a deer gliding through the high grass and ferns. I was a little surprised to see a deer so huge that to my astonished gaze, he was going full bat, so I saw it was a carabao. I was a little surprised to see a carabao so blind shot I let blaze at the vanishing stripes as they flashed through the bamboo forest.

“The roar and rush told me the monster was back, but, I could see nothing, as the

jungle was so dense. When the shikhar
came to his hands I had fired and
got down, and both heads fell. The
proached the spot where, about ten yards
from where I fired, lay the very fine
bones of a deer. I loved the animal, and
body did indeed look like a slain king
the forest. The shikhar and I all but hugged
in our excitement, and when the beating
of my heart made me dizzy I thought I
dons brought Timmins tumbling down on
toed me, and his joy and pride quite
touched me. The monster was indeed glorious
and I felt his blood on my face. He came
out to their full, his gums rolled up, showing
his enormous teeth, and his skin in flapping
black, and oh! so beautifully yellow and
black.

"I had already shot three bears, two pan-
thers and a tiger, besides all sorts of deer,
and I was now weary and hungry, and
that monster lying there, slain by my own
hands, it was the proudest and happiest
moment of my life, and I shall never for-

DECAY OF THE BIBLE.

**No Longer the Great Literary Model—
Other Books in the Century.**

Rollo Ogden in the Century.

One cannot well deny that the battle has gone against the Bible as "the only great literature" (in Huxley's phrase) with reach of the common people. Two man-arches have pressed it sore. Cheapened and multiplied newspapers and magazines have taken all the time and talent which they have not fostered, an extensive, if the place of an intensive reading habit, that the Bible must now struggle for existence as literature, instead of being the "first book." Bible reading has been bowed out of the public schools, while the home, too, has been again and again commandeered, has been made the scene of the most impolitely passed on the unwelcome ground to the Sunday school. But that institution

The best who in the world, cannot but
 create the mass which they are to
 educate; those who, at a mother's knee, made
 their young imagination familiar with the
 racy, pliant English of the King James
 version and with that wealth of orienta-
 tal triplets and metaphors which the
 drama and with the Bible has passed
 into the masterpieces of our literature.
 The evidence is too strong, and comes from
 many quarters, to be denied. Illustrations
 with biblical phraseology and imagery and
 illustration is a thing of the past.

The pregnant allusion, the winged word
 the appeal to the deepest and most devout
 feelings of the people, the appeal to the
 poet or writer fees crippled indeed when he
 sees such literary resources, new and old

drawn from the biblical treasure house, now slipping from his fingers. But the process of the creative substitution is not always very easy. Take the orations, the essays, the poems, especially the novels, of the last twenty-five years, and though you will find in them not one biblical illustration to which you can refer with any degree of accuracy ago in similar writings, you will see that English literature, while it has undoubtedly suffered by the increasing withdrawal from it of the English Bible, has not been lacking of the artistic and stylistic which Voltaire thought that Shakespeare and Dryden had copied from the

brush writers, has yet retained the vitality of the old-fashioned model. The new literary style is toward a use of the parts of speech as weapons of precision, giving every nuance of thought its glove-fitting expression. It is a tendency away from the old, where a word was not chosen because it is better, only different. It may be the result of a deliberate turning away from the grand simplicities, the large figures looming gigantic through the mist of the English Bible. Or it may be a kind of rueful and pitiful attempt, by displaying our keen feeling for words, to make up for our lost feeling for things. All that is to be noted is the moving of the line, condemning, the change, and to say that it is come, that it apparently has come to

Open-Air Life in Cities.
From the Architectural Record.

In a big city like Paris or New York the open air is a thing which demands the most earnest attention on the part of the municipal authority. It should be with in the reach of all classes of the population. It is a matter in which rich and poor are equally interested. The beautiful public parks being the privilege of the workman as well as the millionaire.

that they be easy to reach. As regards the Paris, the new Metropolitan electric road connects the Bois de Vincennes with the Bois de Boulogne, and for 3 cents on can get to either of these woods from the center of the city. But large parks are not sufficient. It is necessary that the Parisian inhabitants a considerable number of public gardens are required. It is not necessary that they be of great area, but they must have an open space in the middle with trees, fountains, benches and chairs, so that in winter mothers can take their children there to enjoy the sunshine without having to go a great distance, and in summer they can sit under the shade and sew during the afternoon.

after their household work is done. This is for week days. The Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes are for Sunday and holidays. There are all the family go out to lunch in the open air under the trees in Paris this has been thoroughly grasped. There are gardens well-nigh everywhere. The large ones are Les Tuileries, Le Jardin de Luxembourg, the Parc Monceau, the Buttes Chaumont, the Epiplandee in Levallois, the Champ de Mars and the Jardin des Plantes. Every Sunday and Thursday military bands give free concerts in these gardens.

A Mighty Serious Thing.

From the Chicago Post.

"You printed my death notice, and that's no joke."
"But, my dear s'r, that's not my fault. It's the fact that you are alive that makes it no joke."
There was a subtleness to this that made it most annoyingly puzzling.